To this well painted peece is LVCRECE come,
To find a face where all diſtreſſe is ſteld,
Manie ſhee ſees, where cares haue carued ſome,
But none where all diſtreſſe and dolor dweld,
Till ſhee diſpayring HECVBA beheld,
Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
VVhich bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raign,
Her cheeks with chops and wrincles were diſguiz'd,
Of what ſhee was, no ſemblance did remaine:
Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euerie vaine,
VVanting the ſpring, that thoſe ſhrunke pipes had
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a bodie dead. (fed,

On this ſad ſhadow LVCRECE ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the Beldames woes,
VVho nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her thoſe,
And therefore LVCRECE ſwears he did her wrong,
To giue her ſo much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore

Poore Inſtrument (quoth ſhee) without a ſoun
Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop ſweet Balme in PRIAMS painted w
And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him v
And with my tears quench Troy that burns ſo
And with my knife ſcratch out the angrie e
Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the ſtrumpet that began this ſtur,
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:
Thy heat of luſt fond PARIS did incur
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth bea
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
And here in Troy for treſpaſſe of thine eye,
The Sire, the ſonne, the Dame, and daughte

VVhy ſhould the priuate pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publicke plague of manie moe?
Let ſinne alone committed, light alone
Vppon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſſe ſoules be freed from guilty woe,
For ones offence why ſhould ſo many fall?
To plague a priuate ſinne in generall: